What to Expect when Your Omega's Expecting

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What to Expect when Your Omega's Expecting

by therunawaypen

Summary

Brian is Jimmy's Alpha, he's supposed to be in charge and prepared for their baby. He's done everything he can to prepare and help Jimmy through his pregnancy. He will use every bit of his knowledge in science to make things as perfect as possible.

Jimmy just finds it amusing how clueless Brian is. And Will just wants to eat a non-people burger (*coughcough*Hannibal*coughcough*)

Notes

can Price/Zeller be a thing? One’s obsessively reading so your omega’s expecting type books and freaking out the other preg one is level head --starstrucklucky

What to Expect when Your Omega's Expecting was perhaps the most useless and confusing book Brian had ever read.

Not that he didn't understand Omegas. He had a doctorate and was a skilled forensics specialist, he knew biology and chemistry. And while he wasn't a mind expert like Doctor Lecter or Will "I know you better than you know you" Graham, Brian would like to say he knew a little about psychology.

What he didn't understand in the slightest were babies. More specifically, how the hell he was supposed to get ready to have one. Jimmy was supposed to get food cravings, right? The Omega hadn't mentioned one strange thing that he wanted to eat. Nor had he had any of the describe mood swings in the book. Not that Brian was complaining, the idea of having to sooth Jimmy through a bout of depression or anger. Dealing with Jimmy in a good mood was hard enough (not that Brian would ever say that out loud…ever).

Sure, Jimmy had done some things that had been detailed in the book. Nesting, for one. Jimmy hadn't even been in his third trimester before the entire house had been baby-proofed (and in some cases, Brian-proofed…seriously, who puts a child lock on the refrigerator?). And the room that used to be the office had seemingly been turned into a nursery overnight.

…Brian may have had a hand in that one…someone had to assemble the IKEA crib…and changing table…and dresser…and bookshelf…

But seriously, what else was he supposed to do to prepare for the baby? What if the baby was sick? What if something went wrong? What if something happened to Jimmy *and* the baby?

What if the baby was an Alpha?

What if the baby was an *Omega*?

Brian didn't know which was worse. Both were terrifying.

Brian was just about to reread the chapters on Alpha and Omega children when Jimmy walked into the room. Brian didn't see him so much as smelled him first. There was something so warm and inviting about the scent of an Alpha's bonded Omega…especially their bonded, *pregnant* Omega. It was the best buzz an Alpha could experience (some Alphas would argue that Omegas in heat were the best buzz, but Brian would argue with them).

"You're not reading that stupid book again, are you?" Jimmy smirked as he came into view, one hand on his swollen abdomen. The sight alone made something in Brian's chest rumble with contentment.

The Alpha nodded, "I want to be sure everything will be perfect for the baby."

Jimmy rolled his eyes, "Trust me, it won't be perfect. That's parenthood." He chuckled, grabbing his coat.

"Where are you going?" Brian blinked.

“I told you last night I was going to go shopping with Will today.” The Omega smiled, slipping on his coat, “Or were you too distracted by talking to the baby?”

He was too distracted by talking to the baby.

Brian cleared his throat, “So how long will you be?”

Jimmy chuckled, “A few hours perhaps, I’ll call you when we’re on our way back. I suggest you do some manual labor or something,” he grinned, leaning in to kiss Brian’s cheek, “who knows how horny I might be when I get back, so I might need you to work up a knot for me, my little worker bee.”

And damnit if Brian wasn’t half hard by the time Jimmy walked out the door. He groaned. If their child turned out to be an Omega like Jimmy, there was no way Brian was going to be able to survive.

Jimmy didn’t have far to walk (or waddle, really), considering Will’s car was in the driveway. The other Omega hadn’t been waiting long, considering the fact that the car was still running. “Ready to go?” Jimmy chuckled as he slid into the passenger’s seat with minimal effort.

Will nodded, putting the car into gear before heading off, “I’m just glad Hannibal is busy with clients today, so I have a few hours of freedom.”

“Doctor Alpha doesn’t like you leaving the house in your “delicate state?”” Jimmy grinned, looking at Will’s baby bump. While Will was still in his second trimester, he was still obviously showing.

“Let’s just say that Hannibal is the quintessential old fashioned Alpha.” Will nodded.

Jimmy raised an eyebrow, “So he’s—”

“Yes.”

“You didn’t even hear what I was—”

“Whatever old wives tales you’ve heard about Alphas, I assure you, Hannibal has done it.” Will rolled his eyes, “Most of the time…it’s nice…”

“And by nice, you mean hot.”

Will would never admit that out loud. He really didn’t need to. “Hannibal has hand prepared my *every* meal. And while Hannibal can certainly cook—”

“Understatement of the year.”

“—right now, I just want to eat my way through the McDonald’s menu.”

Jimmy laughed, “I guess that’s what happens when you have an older Alpha with a young Omega.” He smiled, “Brian on the other hand…poor thing is running around like a chicken

with his head cut off. I keep having to give him jobs so he doesn't feel useless…he practically assembled the nursery by himself trying to prove himself useful."

Will smirked, "Alphas…"

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